is often suffused over the peaks and glaciers of Mt. Blanc, while the whole world below is perfectly in the darkest twilight.[1]

To Isaac D''Israeli.

MILAN, *Sept.* 2.

MY DEAE FATHER,

. . . . I mentioned that I had been to ITerney in my last letter. . . . Of the situation I had no previous idea, and can give you no present description. It is sublime! placed between two of the most splendid ranges of Alps in the world, with eternal snows, and a gigantic lake, and forest of pines, it should have inspired a more Homeric epic than the *Henriade,* and chastened a more libidinous effusion than the *Pucelle.*

I had my heart's content before I left Geneva — the night before. My friend Maurice sent for me after a very cloudy day to say that there was every prospect of a fine storm upon the lake. As it was just after dinner, and Austen was with me, I was obliged to take a companion, but, as we had discussed a considerable quantity of Burgundy, I was soon freed from his presence, for he laid down in the boat on my cloak, and ere half an hour was past was fast asleep, never disturbing us save with an occasional request to participate in our brandy bottle. As for myself, I was soon sobered, not by sleep, but by the scene. It was sublime — lightning almost continuous, and sometimes in four places, but as the evening advanced the lake became quite calm, and we never had a drop of rain. I would willingly have staid out all night, but we were to leave the next morning at five, and nothing was packed up. . . .

After the lake we entered the valley of the Rhone and approached the high Alps. The scenery was really painfully sublime. We gazed till our eyes ached, and yet dared not withdraw them from the passing wonders. . . . The passage of the Simplon is the grand crowning scene. We staid one day at Brieg, where the passage commences, on account of the stormy weather, but as it did not abate we set off the next day. Nothing could be more awful than the first part of our passage; the sublimity of the scenery was increased by the partial mists and the gusts of rain. Nothing is more terrific than the near roar of a cataract which is covered by a mist. It is horrible. When we arrived at the summit of the road the weather cleared, and we found

[1] Compare again *Contarini,* Pt. III. eh. 1.